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A BOY ON THE FARM.

That man in the school where the ethics are taught,
Professor of Latin and Greek,
Can tell of the way that life's battles are fought,
And fluent the words he will speak.
But oft he is thinking of valleys and hills,
The forest and meadow's sweet charm;
Though high is the station to-day that he fills,
He once was a boy on the farm.

That man in the church who is preaching to-day,
With power and with purpose to save
The souls and the people who listened to pray,
While gladly his message he gave,
Remembers the lilies that grew in the dell,
The sparrow safe sheltered from harm
By the Master that now he is serving so well.
He once was a boy on the farm.

The man who is first in the halls of the state
And versed in the laws of the land,
Beloved by the people with honors so great,
His word is a power to command—
Looks off to the mountain now mottled with green,
Then down at his muscular arm,
And longs but again in the harvest to glean.
He once was a boy on the farm.

That man who is chief of our armies to-day,
Now guarding the lines of the west,
Though looking with pride on his troops' bright array
Has love for the farm in his breast.
He thinks of the fields where the daisies are white,
And sighs for the noisy alarm
Of the cock of the barnyard to vanquish the night.
He once was a boy on the farm.
—Ruth Raymond, in Farm and Home.

An Old Maid's Song.

BY R. PAGE IRVING.

THE boarders used to lok acros the boarding-house table at the Old Maid with a keen, psychological sort of interest.

"Why should she look so happy?" the elder, who was something of a belle, would demand. "She can't have any admirers."

"Why should she look so happy?" the younger, who spoke of Art and Missions with capitals in her voice, would ask. "She can't regard being secretary to that lawyer as a noble calling."

And the wives of the boarding-house used also to puzzle over the Old Maid's joyousness, "for she has no husband," they said, "and at her age can hardly hope to get one."

But I never marveled at the gentle spinster's radiant face after we had heard the Singer, not because hearing his voice was enough to provide his hearers with a fund of inner joy for the remainder of their days, but because of the song he sang.

Now the Old Maid had lived so long in the boarding-house on the square that it had become second nature for her to choose the less tarnished spoons in the holder and to avoid instinctively the top slices of bread on the bread plate. She was familiar with all varieties of boarding-house servants and she knew that all alike despised her as "the fourth floor front." She knew by heart the landlady's stories of pressing present need and of past affluence. She had nothing to learn in the matter of substituted gas jets and her feet were trained to skip the torn spots in the stair carpet. Altogether there was nothing in the Old Maid's position in her boarding-house to account for her serenity.

Downtown the Old Maid was a stenographer in a law office, where prettiness was at a discount as a hindrance to unremitting toil. She did not realize that her chief attraction to her employers was this lack of distracting features and complexion. Long as she had lived in the sordid but educating boarding-house she had not learned everything that was to be learned about motives, and she believed that her father's old friendship with the lawyer had much to do with her position.

Before that remote day, when the Old Maid first came to the law office and the boarding-house, she had lived in the country. Even yet when the spring rains came down and drenched the grim pavements she had a swift, fleeting sense of late snows melting by the rim of the brooks and of timid flowers pushing through the soft earth. And whenever there was the fresh odor of new-growing grass and new-sprouting leaves in the city parks her mind turned toward peaceful, pastoral ways, and her eyes were filled with visions of billowy, blossoming trees, of plowmen moving across upland fields, of the waking-up of life and industry. In short, the Old Maid was a poet, although the crude little expressions of her emotions never met the keen eyes of critics, or even the kindly eyes of her friends.

Well, once upon a time the Singer came to the boarding-house on the square. He was young and his audiences—they were largely feminine—declared that nowhere else was there a singer who caroled out songs and sobbed out ballads so movingly. Whether or not he was peerless is a question, but at any rate he had made a great success, and people wondered that he should come to the dingy abode of the boarders and the Old Maid. Some said that it was because he had lived there in the days he was known to fashion; and some whispered knowingly that the lady to whom the Singer sang lived over the way in the stone house with the balconies at the windows and the guarding lions at the door. Be that as it may, it is a fact that when the Singer came to the city for his series of concerts and recitals, he sanctified the abode of the Old Maid with his presence for a whole week. And the Old Maid was agitated mysteriously by his presence, though it is doubtful if he even saw her shabby little figure.

One night she crept down the stairway when the house was still, and slipped a paper beneath the Singer's door sill. The paper bore a set of verses written in the fine hand of a woman who was educated a quarter of a century ago, and a little note that read: "If you should sometimes find this worthy to sing I would be the happiest woman on earth."

Now, the Singer felt a brutal indifference about all happiness save his own, which had been sorely tried that night by the lady of his songs. So he merely muttered: "Confound imbecile women." Then he looked at the verses and then he went gloomily to bed. But through the night as he reflected upon his blighted hopes and the hardness of his fate, some of the Old Maid's lines sang themselves through his mind.

"I'll see thee in each flower that grows;
Thou art not lost while lives the rose,
Not lost while lives the rose,"

the foolish refrain insisted.

In the morning the silly rhymes would not be banished. He found himself humming them to an air, and by and by—so weak was he owing to the cruel lady—he sat down at the piano and played the air softly.

It was that same week that he gave his great concert at the hall uptown. With indifferent generosity he offered the landlady tickets to be distributed, and so it happened that the Old Maid and I went together.

The Old Maid was very pink and very tremulous, and not being in her confidence I could not understand her state. After all, there was nothing in a successful singer of 33 to excite a spinster stenographer of 50.

The Singer had sung grand opera arias and the music from masses. He had sung Scotch ballads and German love songs. But he could not sing enough to satisfy his audience. After each properly numbered selection, he was recalled again and again. Finally he came out and said:

"I wish I could tell you the author of the words I am going to sing. They were sent to me anonymously in manuscript and I have no means of giving credit to whom it is due."

The Old Maid's figure quivered. She breathed sobbingly and drew closer to me, and I wondered if she were going crazy.

Then the Singer sang the simple vreses. They may have been very bad

SLIPPED A PAPER BENEATH THE DOOR.

as verses, but as a song they were a success. The audience listened intently, the women looking up, as women look when lowered eyelids would let the tears brim over. And when the last verse rang out, plaintively and proudly:

"And though thou hast banished me,
I touch thee in each nodding flower;
I see thee, dear one, every hour,
In sky, or star, or sea.
All beauty holds some hint of thee,
And so thou canst not banish me,
Thou canst not banish me,"

the hall forgot to applaud for fully three seconds, when it caught its breath and surreptitiously wiped its eyes. That is, all but the Old Maid. She wept quite openly, turning her radiant, tear-stained face toward me.

"It's mine! It's mine!" she half sobbed. "Oh, it's mine and I am so happy!"

And then she told me the whole story. But neither prayers nor entreaties could prevail upon her to let me tell her secret. And the boarders still wonder why it is that a colorless little lady like the Old Maid sometimes wears a look of pride.—Peterson Magazine.

Indignant Baronets.

The wrongs of the titled classes—and their sons—are incalculable. Though the queen has ordered that the children of legal life peers are to be styled honorable, dissatisfaction is prevalent throughout the whole heirarchy—at least, from baronet down to the sons of bishops. If the son of a legal life peer is to be styled honorable, why not the son of a spiritual peer? And, in any case, why should such honorables as these be directed by the queen to take precedence immediately after the children of barons and before all baronets? The baronets do not like it, and there are signs of an incipient revolt. One of them, who hides his personality beneath the signature of "Justitia Tenax," denounces this precedence "as a direct infraction of the undertaking given by James I., when he instituted the baronetage, that neither he nor his successors 'would at any time create any dignity whatsoever mean between barons and baronets.'" We wish the baronets well in their agitation. The season is dull and the world wants to be amused.—London St. James Gazette.

Undecided.

Country Parson—Do you take this woman for better or worse?

Bridegroom—Wa-al, I swow, parson, now you've got me; her folks think I'm takin' her for better, an' my folks think I'm takin' her for worse.—Tit-Bits.

—Everybody says "Go up higher" to the man who is "getting there."—Ram's Horn.

CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY

Farmers Milk in the Old Way, But Everything Else Is Modern.

"We who live in the cities never know about the country. We imagine that we are the only ones who get the advantages of modern inventions, and that the farmer plays around in the mud the same as he did when we were boys.

"Why, I learned more during those two days on the farm than I ever expected to know about farming. Now, you helped to thresh when you were a boy. I did, I know. I can't date back to the time when the men used to cradle the grain and then beat it out with flails, but I happened along in the time of the reaping machines. The self-binder hadn't come in yet. We used to thresh the grain with one of those horse power separators that you could hear two miles away when it got to grinding. You know the kind, I suppose—five or six teams of horses going around on the power and a man up on the big cogwheel platform in the center cracking a whip over them. That kind of a machine was a horse-killer and no mistake. It took about five minutes of digging to get started and it was hard pulling all the time. Then if the feeder happened to let a wet sheaf get in crosswise the cylinder would stick and every horse would go up in the air. You probably remember that when the traction engine came in everyone said that it was the final improvement. It knocked out so much grain that the separator had to be fed from both sides—two hand cutters, two men to put the grain into the wagon and three or four men to stack the straw. Did you ever work at the 'tail end of the machine,' as they used to call it? Had to wear goggles, you know, Chaff flying so thick that it got in your ears, nose and mouth, down your back, sticking to you and tickling wherever you were wet with perspiration, which was everywhere; straw piling up around you and threatening to bury you unless you worked your way out; sun about 98 and no shade! And yet the agricultural papers used to wonder why boys left the farm!

"Well, when I was at Ezra's I went over with him to look at an improved thresher. I wouldn't have believed it. They don't need anyone at the 'tail end of the machine' any more. Instead of the old-fashioned straw carrier, with its belts and slats, the improved separator is provided with a 'blower,' shaped just like a big smokestack, and all the straw and chaff is forced through this by powerful fans. This 'blower' carries all the dust and chaff away from the machine. In the old days you couldn't see the machine, for a cloud of dust surrounded it. But, as I started to tell you, there are no men on the strawstack any more. That big 'blower' swings around and distributes the straw, making a good semi-circular stack. There are no men at the other end of the machine, either. The twine bands are cut by a patent cutter, and the sheaves are carried to the cylinder by an automatic feeder. All the men have to do is to pitch the sheaves up on the platform and the machine does the rest. After the oats are threshed out they are carried to the top of the machine, weighed and measured and dumped into the wagon. All that the man at the wagon has to do is to keep the grain scooped away.

"The way that grain comes out is a caution. It takes a very few minutes to fill a wagon. As a matter of fact, about the only labor in threshing nowadays is the hauling to and from the machine. You can probably remember the time, Miller, when 1,000 bushels was considered a big day's threshing; but I understand nowadays they can knock out 3,500 to 4,000 bushels. If they could only invent some device to keep grain at a good price they'd be all right, wouldn't they?"

"It's remarkable," said Miller. "I didn't know that the machinery had been improved to that extent."

"It's the same with most kinds of farm work," said Goodwin. "Ezra was showing me his haystacker. It seems that there isn't much pitching any more. And you know how they plant corn now, don't you? I don't, but I understand you don't have to pull a lever to drop the corn. They've got everything now except a corn husker, but Ezra says that a man wants to sell him one for this fall, so if I go back next year Ezra will probably be sitting in the house reading a paper, while the machine is out husking his corn. Yes, everything's different. Ezra's wife did her cooking on a gasoline stove. The wind pump draws the water, and I believe it works the churn, too. They milk the cows in the old-fashioned way, but that was about the only thing I recognized."—Chicago Record.

Seals Love Music.

The well-known love of seals for musical sounds often leads to their destruction. When the Eskimo hunter sees none of his prey about he begins whistling, and sooner or later is sure to attract an appreciative seal within reach of his harpoon. Lying at full length at the edge of the ice he continues whistling low, plaintive, calling notes, and presently a few of the animals will draw near to the spot, lifting themselves as high as they can out of the water, and slowly moving their heads to and fro, as if keeping time to the music. By and by one seal, more daring than its fellows, will come very close to the hunter, who then jumps to his feet and slays the creature, while its mates make off as quickly as possible.—Pearson's Weekly.

Couldn't Do It Himself.

Weary—Yes'm; I discuvvered a wery rich gold mine in Alasky.

She (interested)—And you didn't stake a claim?

"No'm. Yer see, labor's so high up dere dat I couldn't afford ter hire a man ter drive de stakes in fer me."—Judge.

Progress.

She—Isn't it wonderful how the use of electric fans has increased?

He—Yes, indeed! They are used for all purposes except flirting.—Puck.

WHY ARE FLOWERS FRAGRANT?

Still a Subject of Discussion Among the Scientists.

The great leading object of nature in providing nectar and fragrance in flowers is still a subject of discussion in scientific journals. That some flowers are unable to fertilize themselves and must have the aid of insects is certain; and it is also certain that in many cases this fertilization is accomplished by the insects while on foraging expeditions for the sweets which flowers furnish. But some well-ascertained facts cover but a small portion of the ground.

The fertilization is as often accomplished by insects in search of pollen as in search of honey; but it is not contended that pollen is given to flowers in order to make them attractive to insects, as is said of the sweet secretions. It is believed that nectar must be of some direct value to the plant, as well as the pollen; and the effort is to find out what is the chief office of nectar in the life history of the flower. Since thought has been turned in this direction a new class of facts is being recorded.

In California grows a lupine (lupinus confertus) which often takes exclusive possession of large tracts of land. It does not yield a particle of nectar. It has bright crimson violet flowers, and these are produced in such abundance that the color of the mass may be noted at long distances. But it has fragrance. This is so powerful that the traveler notes it long before he meets with the growing plants. The pollen collecting insects visit the flower in great numbers. It is believed that cross fertilization can be effected by these pollen-collecting intruders. At any rate, the fragrance would be thrown away if it were provided for the mere sake of advertising for insect aid—as the other numerous species of lupine which have no fragrance are as freely visited by bees for the sake of the pollen as is this species.

The cross fertilization is effected as freely without fragrance as with it. This point has been made before, though with no reference to the philosophical questions involved. Fragrant flowers are the exception, not the rule. In some families of plants where there may be several scores of species only one or two are fragrant. This has been especially noted among the wild species of violet. But no one has so far been able to note the slightest advantage in life economy which the sweet-scented ones possess over the odorless ones.—N. Y. Independent.

AMATEUR WORK IN ELECTRICITY

Anyone Can Produce the Mysterious Force by Following the Formulas.

Few things are so interesting for a family group as experiments in an amateur way with electricity and the mysterious forces which can be easily produced by following certain scientific formulas. One of the simplest methods of producing a mild current of electricity is to insert a steel knife and a silver fork in a large orange. The handles of the knife and fork should be some inches apart and if they are connected by an electrical measuring instrument a perceptible current will pass. A cucumber or any acid fruit may be substituted for the orange.

The making of a voltaic pile is a simple thing and when it is completed the current produced may be allowed to pass through a dozen or more persons seated in a room. All the paraphernalia necessary will not cost a quarter. Ten or more pieces of zinc an inch square and the same number of pieces of copper of the same size should be used and with them the same number of pieces of paper, the latter soaked in vinegar. When these are at hand arrange the pile in alternate layers of zinc and copper with vinegar-soaked paper between—that is, first lay down a piece of copper and on it a piece of paper; then place a piece of zinc and on that a piece of paper; then copper and paper and so on alternately, separating the metals with the paper each time and being sure that at either end of the pile is a piece of zinc and a piece of copper.

When the pile is completed it should be soaked in vinegar a moment and then wiped dry. Then the experimenter by placing a forefinger at either end of the pile can easily feel the current passing through his body. In a number of persons sit in a circle and clasp hands and those at either end of the line touch respectively one of the voltaic pile, the current will pass through the entire party.

A thermopile, in which the current is produced by heat, is made by fastening the ends of six-inch strips of German silver and copper wire in V shapes, joining them until a succession of V's or W's is produced. Then the string of wire lengths should be bent into the form of a star and the inner points will be close together. A lighted candle placed in the center, equidistant from each point, will produce a current which can be plainly felt.—Chicago Chronicle.

Bore Him Thirty-Eight Miles.

A touching incident is reported from the Australian province of Victoria. A miner met with an accident and broke his leg. The nearest doctor was at Orbost, 38 miles away. He was sent for, but could not leave the township, where several serious cases claimed his attention. The miner's mates thereupon decided to carry the sufferer to Orbost, and 32 of them, having improvised a rough stretcher, carried the poor man there in a day and a half. They had to traverse the roughest country in Crossgingoland and to cross a river and two creeks, all of which were in flood. They got their mate into the doctor's hands in time to save his life.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Near Boise City Idaho, 400 feet below the earth's surface, there is a subterranean lake of hot water of 170 degrees temperature. It has prssure enough to ascend to the top floor of most of the houses and will be piped to them for heating purposes.

LOOKING IN DIRECTORY.

Why Some People Should Change Names—Causes Trouble to Some.

"If people are going to have names," growled Dunnit, "I'd like to know why the deuce they don't have names enough to serve the purpose of identification. If a man can't find names enough to distinguish him from 1,000 others of the herd, then, for the sake of his own self respect, I wonder what's to hinder him from adding to his name a few letters and numbers, like a football signal, or a safe's combination.

"Now, look at this new directory. Most of the names in it will apply to any one of enough men to fill a regiment. A person would think there weren't enough names to go 'round."

"But, Dunit, what makes you so savage about it?"

"It would be enough to make a martyr savage if the martyr were in the collecting business, as I am. Suppose, for instance, that your martyr were given a bill against Albert Miller and told to collect. 'What's the address?' the martyr would ask.

"'Don't know,' the boss would say; 'look it up in the directory, can't you?'

"So the martyr would go ahead and look him up, and the number of Albert Millers he'd find would be 23. No middle initial for any of 'em—just plain Albert. Nice time your martyr'd have finding out which Albert was the right one, wouldn't he?

"Albert Miller is only a circumstance. There are 49 George Millers in the directory, and 20 of 'em are named George W. Miller. It's horrible. Go through the Kings and the Mitchells, and the Johnsons and a thousand others of 'em, and you find it the same way. It's a cursed im—"

"How about the Smiths and Browns?" some one asked.

"Don't mention it. There are plain John Smiths to the number of 131. 'John Smith, laborer,' applies to 27 of them. 'John Smith, carpenter,' covers nine more of their cases. There are 13 John A. Smiths, and 14 John B. Smiths. The original Charles Smith has 64 namesakes in Chicago. Want to know any more about the Smiths?

"The Browns are scarcer than most people suppose. The directory shows only 66 John Browns and 42 Charles Browns.

"But say, do you want to know what ought to be done about it? I'm a bill collector, and I guess I ought to know. I say everybody that has less than five names, no two alike, and fails to spell 'em all out, ought to be sent down to a place where they could have five years at being designated by nothing but a number. I tell you, if something isn't done about it the whole credit system has got to go to smash." — Chicago Times-Herald.

FEEDING THE CHILD.

The Food Has Much to Do with the Temperament.

That imperfect nutrition is the cause of much of that emotional estrangement in childhood which is called irritability, ugliness, viciousness, or something of that sort, has been satisfactorily evidenced to the writer as the result of a number of observations which he has been able to make upon young children. The following case is typical of many others: H—— was a well-formed child at birth, and continued to develop normally during her first five months. Throughout this time she slept very well, and for the most part seemed happy and contented. The constant expression on her face showed healthy feeling, and she rarely made a disturbance. At about the fifth month a change seemed to gradually come over her. She did not sleep so well; the expression on her face showed less happiness and contentment, and by the sixth month she could be called an irritable and peevish child. She who had been previously an especially happy child did not now smile often; and the things which ordinarily attract children of that age seemed to be of little moment to her. Some member of the family was now kept busy much of the time endeavoring to soothe her troubled spirit. This state of affairs continued until about the eighth month, when it was decided to make a change in the diet. She was given a food rich in materials to nourish the nervous system, and within a week it was observed by all who knew her that there was a marked improvement in her temperament. After two weeks of proper nourishment she had regained her former restfulness, sleeping peacefully a good portion of the time; and gradually the expression of irritability and moodiness disappeared. Her face would now light up as formerly with pleasant smiles whenever anyone she knew was about, and once more she appeared to every one as a very good-feeling, happy child.—Prof. M. V. O'Shea, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Pickled Peaches and Pears.

Fruits for pickling should be fully ripe. They need no cooking. After skinning or paring a hot sirup is poured over them; the following day it is poured off, reheated and returned; again the following day the sirup is brought to the boiling-point, the fruit is dropped in, to be thoroughly heated through, when it is ready to be sealed. To make sirup for ten pounds of fruit, boil together for ten minutes five pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar (not too sharp) and a cupful of whole spices, mixed — cinnamon, allspice, cloves and cassia-buds; the largest proportion of cinnamon, the smallest of cloves.—Woman's Home Companion.

Corn Batter Cakes.

One and one-half cups white cornmeal, sifted with a teaspoonful of sugar and a level teaspoonful of sault. Add one cup of boiled rice and a teaspoonful of lard. Mix all together and scald with two cups of boiling water, stirring constantly. Thin with one and one-half cups sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk; last stir one beaten egg and bake on hot greased griddle.—Leisure Hours.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—If you feel that you must give advice, become a lawyer or a doctor, and sell it.—Atchison Globe.

—"Have you seen those noiseless baby carriages yet?" "No! What I want is a noiseless baby."—Credit Lost.

—Dora—"He said there was one thing about me he didn't like." Cora—"What was that?" "Another man's arm."—Life.

—Tragedian—"I was nearly killed once by the bursting of a shell." Manager—"Did you ever find out who threw the egg."—Puck.

—Miner—"So you have just returned from Klondike, eh?" Claimer—"Yes." Miner—"What is the principal game played in that country?" Claimer—"Freeze out."—Norristown Herald.

—Bobbie—"Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your candy and you can have it." Ethel—"Here's the candy. Now what is it?" Bobbie (munching)—"A spanking."—Life.

—Mrs. De Temper—"I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?" Lawyer—"His life is insured in your favor, isn't it?" "Yes; I made him do that before we married." "Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is."—N. Y. Yeekly.

—Daughter (sentimentally) — "Ah, mother! the summer wanes. How beautifully it dies! Soon we will have the frost." Mother (who has tried ten seasons to get the girl off her hands)—"Oh, pshaw! You have had nothing but a 'frost' all summer!"—Puck.

FIERCE INDIANS, LITTLE GOLD.

A Warning Against Stories of Rich Finds on Stewart River, Alaska.

An interesting letter about the reported rich finds of gold on Stewart river, Alaska, has been received here from a former officer of the United States coast and geodetic survey, who spent several seasons in Alaska and is familiar with the Yukon country near Forty-Mile creek and Circle City.

"I have read with a great deal of interest," he writes, "the many articles that have appeared in the Sun from time to time on Alaska, but am moved to utter a warning word just now on account of a statement that I saw in it several times and which was repeated in an article in the issue of August 27. In this article the writer spoke of the great things to be expected in a short time in Alaska, and went on to say that wonderful developments were to be looked for on Stewart river and that the Canadian government had secret information about the river that would prove startling.

"Stewart river is not an untried stream. It was worked by hundreds of miners before the riches of Forty-Mile creek were known, and the gold cannot be picked off the bars in chunks and is not awaiting the touch of the first comers. McQuestin, Harper and Mayo had a store there and did not leave until the stream was practically abandoned by miners. In my conversations with these traders and men who had been on the river I never heard of anyone making more than fair wages on it. The stream was followed far to its head, particularly by two men, an old American trapper and miner named Joe Gee, and a Canadian Scotchman named McDonald. The latter was very patriotic and would not desert British soil, and this, they say, is why he remained in Stewart and refused to go to Forty-Mile creek when the rest stampeded to the new diggings. As this man must have spent at least eight years prospecting the stream, and so many men had been in it before, no virgin field is to be found there with all the richness of El Dorado.

"The first application of machinery and steam to mining was made in this river. The bars were known to contain a fair average of gold, but being very fine, the gold could not profitably be taken out by men working by hand. So in 1889 McQuestin sent the little steamboat New Racket up to Stewart with two men, Al Mayo and Frank Dinsmore, in charge. They had pumps and were to use the engine of the little steamer for power, and a summer was put in in mining on a large scale. It proved a failure, however, and mining was practically abandoned on the river that fall.

"Near the headwaters of the Stewart is a hunting ground of a tribe of Indians that you usually hear called the Mahonys. The Yukon Indians fear them worse than death. They are reported to be merciless. It is claimed they kidnap children, carry off women and slay all the men that fall in their hands. The mere suspicion that they have come near the country of the Yukon river Indians will drive the latter from the invaded section for years. The traders seem to fear them, too, and stories of their cruelty and fierceness kept many a man back from the headwaters of the Stewart. But Gee and McDonald were not deterred. I never met a man who had seen one of the Mahonys in the Yukon valley, but I have heard that when bands of them came to the Hudson Bay company's post the stockades were shut up and all business was done by both parties with very open precaution against surprise and treachery. If you look up Ogilvie's account of his trip down the Yukon, in 1888, I think you will find references to what had been done on the Stewart and of information he got from McDonald.

"There will be stories enough and to spare about Alaska, and I think it is only right that when some individuals try to stampede the country with wild stories of the unlimited wealth to be found anywhere, anything known about that section should be made public. It is no Coney Island trip to the Yukon, and I fear that many a poor fellow will rue this winter the readiness with which he accepted the stories of the wealth awaiting every one on the Klondike."—N. Y. Sun.

Not Brainwork.

Some people boast of a presentiment as if it were the mark of a great intellect.—Puck